VIII

Tom Tram

of the WEST,

Son-in-Law to Mother WINTER.

Shewing his Merry Jests, Mad Pranks, and Odd Conceits, which he in his Life time performed.

To which is added divers Merry Tales.

Very Pleasant and Delightful to Read.

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The Mad Pranks OF Tom Tram,

Mother *Winters* Son-in-Law.

THere was an Old Woman named Mother Winter, that had but one Son-in-Law, whose Name was Tom, and though he were at Mans Estate, yet would he do what he list, which grieved his Old Mother to the heart: Upon a time being in the Market, she heard a Proclamation, That those that would not Work should be Whipped: At which the Old Woman leaped, and with great joy home she comes, meets with her Son, and tells him that the Mayor of the Town had made a Decree, that those that would not work should be Whip'd: Has he so? says Tom; Marry Gods blessing on his heart, for my part I will not break the Decree: so the old Woman left her Son, and went again to the Market, she

being no sooner gone, but her Son looks into the great Stone Pots, which his Mother kept small Beer in, and when he saw the Beer did not work, he taketh the Pots and setteth them in the midst of the Street, and strips off his Doublet, and with a Carters Whip, he lays on the Pots as hard as he could drive: the people seeing him so earnest, told his Mother what he was doing, which made the Old Woman cry out; O that young Knave will be Hang'd: In that time home she goeth: her Son Tom seeing his Mother come running, foaming at the mouth, laid on as hard as he could drive, that he broke both the Pots, which made the Old Woman cry out; O thou Villain: what hast thou done? O Mother, quoth he, you told me that it was proclaimed, That whole that would not work should be Whipped; and I have often seen our Pots work so hard, that they have foamed so much at the mouth, that they befouled all the House where they stood; but these two Lazy Knaves, said he, told me that they did never work, nor never meant to work, and therefore, quoth he, I have Whipped them to death, to teach the rest of their fellows to work, or never look me in the face again.

Ano-

of *Tom Tram.*

Another Jest of Old Mother *Winter* and her Son *Tom.*

UPon a time Mother Winter sent her Son Tom into the Market to buy her a penniworth of Sope, and gave him twelve pence, and charged him to bring it home safe: Tom told her it should be so; and to the end it should be safe brought home, according to his Mothers charge, he goes and buys one penniworth of Sope, and hired two men with a Hand-barrow to carry the Sope, and four men with brown Bills to Guard it along to his Mother, giving them the Eleven-pence for their pains, which made his Mother in great fury to go the Mayor of the Town and complain: the Mayor committed him to Prison: Now the Prison Windows joyned close to the Mayors Chamber-window. Tom and some other merry Prisoners like himself, getting a Cup of good Liquor in their heads, began to sing and roar, and domineer: insomuch that the Mayor heard them that night, and charged them that they should leave off drinking and singing of bawdy songs, and sing good Psalms: Tom told him that he should hear he would amend his life, if he would pardon his fault: the Mayor said, that for their misdemeanours, they should be that night in Prison, and upon amendment, being

Neighbours, he would release them in the morning: they thanked the Mayor, and Tom Winter prevailed so fair with a friend of his, that he borrowed three Shillings, the which three Shillings he spent upon his fellow Prisoners, which made the poor men be ruled by him, to do whatsoever he enjoyned them to do, so that when the Mayor was gone to bed, the Prison-window being close to his Chamber-window, they began to sing Psalms so loud, that the Mayor could take no rest, which made him to cause one of his Servants to bid them to leave Singing: Tom Winter said, That it was the Mayors good Counsel, that they should sing Psalms, and sing they would as long as they lived there; which made the Mayor to bid the Jaylor to turn them out of Prison without paying any Fees.

Another Merry Jest, how *Tom* served his Hostis, and a Tobacco-seller.

IT fortuned that Tom was sent of an Errand forty Miles from his abode, over Heaths and Plains, where having dispatched his business, he chanced to be Lodged in a Room that opened into a Yard, where his Hostis kept many Turkies, which Tom seeing, he thrust pins into two of their heads, which in the night dyed: The woman in the morn-

morning, wondring how the Fowl should come to dye: Tom perswaded her that there was a great sickness where he dwelt among all manner of Fowl, and wished his Hostis to fling them away, the which she did: Tom watcht where she flung them, and when he took his leave of his Hostis, it was at such a time when she was busie in setting Bread into the Oven, so that he was sure she should not look after him: so he goeth and wraps the two Turkies in his Coat, and away he goes; but finding his two Turkies very heavy, he seeth a man that sold Tobacco up and down the Country, at the foot of a Hill, where he alighted to led the Horse down the Hill; at the foot of the Hill Tom falls down, and lies crying as if he had broke one of his Leggs; and maketh to the man a most piteous Lamentation, That he was six or seven miles from any Town, there being no houses near, and that he was like to perish for want of succour: The Man asked where he dwelt? he said with such a Knight, to whom Tom did live as Jester: the man knowing the Knight, and thinking Toms Leg had been broken, as he said, with much ado he lifted Tom upon his Horse: When Tom was on the Horses back, he prayed the man to give him his Masters Turkies, which were sent him for

a Present: But as the Man stoped for the Turkies, Tom made the Horse to Gallop away, crying out: I shall be kill'd, I shall be kill'd, O my Leg, O my Leg, what shall I do, my Leg? The Man seeing him gone, stood a while in a maze, and knew not what to think; nevertheless he durst not leave his Turkies behind him, for displeasing the Kt. but carryed them lugging along, fretting and sweating in his Boots, until he came to the next Town, where he hired a Horse to overtake Tom, but could not until he came to the Knights house, where Tom stood to attend his coming, loking out at a Windows, where the man being alighted, Tom called to him so loud, that most of the house heard him: O (said he) now I see thou art an honest man, I had thought you had set me upon your head-strong Horse on purpose to deceive me of my Turkies: The Man replyed; A pox take you and your Turkies, for I never was so played the Knave withal in my life; I hope that thou wilt pay for the hire of the Horse, which I was driven to hire to follow you withal? That I will with all my heart, said Tom.

How *Tom* paid the Man his Horse-hire.

TOM ask'd the Man what way he did intend to Travel? Marry, said the man, I must

must go back with the Horse I have hired: qd. Tom, What did you give for the hire of him? said the Man, I gave five Shillings. Well, said Tom, I will bring you so far on your way back, and then we will eat one of the Turkies, and I will bring you in good silver, the five shillings for the Horse-hire: the place appointed being two miles off, Tom appoints three or four of his Companions to meet him, which did not fail, for they were there before Tom and his Friend came, who came riding upon the Horses, Tom upon the third Horse, and the man upon his own: Tom alighted, and called the Hostler to set up his Horse, and to give him Oats enough, and cans'd the Turkey to be roasted with all the speed that might be, which according as he commanded, was performed. But Tom whispered to his consorts, and wished them to ply the Man with drink, whilst he in the mean time went to the Host, and told him they came to be merry, and money was short with him, and desired him to lend him ten Shillings upon his Horse: The Host having so good a Pawn, lent it him; knowing it would be spent in his House: So Tom went and gave the Man five shillings for the hire of his Horse, and spends the other five Shillings freely upon him, which brought Night upon them, that

that the man could go no further that night: But Tom and his Companions took their leaves, and the man went his way to bed: in the morning the man rising betimes, thinking to be gone, could have but one horse, unless he paid ten shillings; for Tom had left word with his Host, that paying the money, he should have both the Horses: the man seeing that he was couzened again, paid the ten Shillings, and wished the Devil for to take all cheating Knaves, and away he went, fretting and chafing to see himself abused.

How *Tom* served a Company of Gentlemen.

IT fortuned that a company of merry Gentlemen being disposed to create Mirth, rode some Miles from home to be Merry, and one of them would needs have Tom to wait upon him, and Tom was as willing as he to be in that company: but as they were coming home, one of them cut the Reins of Toms Bridle, so that when Tom mounted upon his Horse, the Reins broke, and the Horse run away with Tom in the midst of a great Heath, where stood a pair of Gallows, against which the Horse stood and rubbed his Neck, so that the Gentlemen Whooped and Hallowed, and said, Farewel Tom, farewel; but

but Tom alighted from his Horse, and with points made fast his reins, and with his sword cut three or four Chips from off the Gallows, and at the next Tavern Tom overtook them, where they jeer'd him not a little; but Tom very earnestly entreated them to forbear; but the more he entreated them, the more they played upon him: but to be even with them, in the morning Tom calls the Maskler, and sends him for Nutmegs and Ginger, and gets a Grater, and when he had grated them, he grated the Chips of the Gallows and mixed with the Spice, onely a little Nutmeg and Ginger he laid towards the one end of the Trencher for himself, and with a gallon of Ale, into the Gentlemens Chamber he goes, entreating them not to mock him any more with the Gallows, and he would give them that Ale and Spice; and so, says he, Gentlemen, I drink to you all; and as soon as he had drank, the Maskler call'd him, as he gave him charge before so to do, down stairs Tom ran as fast as he could, the Gentlemen fell in great haste to drink up the Ale and Spice before he came up again, and so Tom would have them: and when he came again, and sees all the Ale and Spice gone; Gentlemen, says Tom, will you know why my Horse carryed me to the Gallows? Yea, says one of them.

Why,

Why, says Tom, it was to fetch you some Spice to your Ale, and if you want, I have more for you; and with that shewed them the Chip out of his Pocket, and away he runs, leaving the Gentlemen to look one upon another, studing how they should be revenged on him.

How *Tom* rode a Gossiping.

TOM heard of a company of Women that would meet at a place of House-warming, to welcome one to their House: these women had in former time abused Tom, and now Tom thought to be even with them, and goes to an Apothecaries, and buys a pound of purging Comfits, and Bakes them in a Cake, with other Spices, and dresses himself in Womens Apparel, and gets a Horse and a Pannel, and to the house he comes, knocks at the door, and asked the Maid whether there were any Women come a House-warming? The Maid says, not yet: I pray, says Tom, take this Cake, and if I come not to the meeting, let them eat this Cake and be merry, for I must go to a Woman that is ready to lye down, and away he goes: the Women came and wondred what Woman it should be that left this Cake; some of them supposed that it was some Midwife; they stayed a while, and seeing Tom, whom they took for a Woman,

did

did not come, they fell to their Meat. At last to the Cake they fall: it was not long in their bellies, but it began to work, so that one must to the stool, and another vomitting, all of them were sick, so that the smell of them perfum'd the house, and the Breath of them was so strong, that none could endure, in which time Tom shifts himself in Mans Apparel, with a Staff in his hand, came where his Gossips were, and hearing them Groaning all the house over, opened the door, and asked them what was the matter? They said they were all poysoned: Marry, said Tom, God forbid, if you please to let me have a Horse, said he, I will ride to Mr. Doctors, and fetch you an Antidote to expell the poyson: take my Horse, said one, take my Horse, said another, or mine, saith another: Well, well, said Tom, I will take one; and into the stable he goes, and takes three Horses, and to the Doctors he rides, and tells him, that all the people of such a house had eaten something that they could not go to stool, and prayed him that he would without delay, carry them some Glisters, and they had sent a horse for him, and another for his man: The Doctor greedy of money, hasted thither with his Glister-pipes as fast as the Horses could carry him and his Man: But the Doctor no sooner came into the house, but he smelt

smelt there was no need of Glisters: In the mean time, Tom not onely told all he met withal, that there were such Women met to be merry at such a place, that not onely they, but all the Women of the House were Poysoned, but went likewise to their Husbands, and told them the like; so that all the People thereabouts repaired thither; which made the Women so ashamed, that they knew not which way to look, because all that saw them judged them to be Drunk: so that instead of comforting them, they fell to reviling them, so that they fell to Scolding, and would have fought, had not their Husbands appeased them by carrying home their Wives.

How *Tom* served a Company of *Gypsies*.

IT fortuned one day towards Night, that there came a Company of Gypsies unto the Town, which had not long been there, but Tom meets them, and asked them what they made there? They said, they came to Town to tell people their Fortunes, that thereby they might withstand ensuing dangers: I, says Tom, and where do you lye to Night? they told him they could not tell: No, says Tom, if you would be contented to lye in Straw, I will bring you where you shall lye dry and warm;

warm; they thanked him, and told him, they would tell him his Fortune in the morning for nothing: Tom thanked them therefore, and conveys them into a little Tatcht House, which had a Ditch round about it, close to the Wall of the House; that House Tom helpt them to fill with Straw, and see them take their Lodging; and then it being dark, Tom bids them good-night, and as soon as he was over the Bridge, which was a long Plank, he drew it after him; and in the dead time of the Night, Tom gets a long Pole, with a whisp of straw at the one end of it, and sets the straw on fire, and therewith sets the house on fire; one of the Gypsies awaking, and espying the house on fire, called out to the rest of his fellows to shift for themselves; and thinking to run over the Bridge, fell into the ditch, the rest following him, till they were all in the Ditch, crying and calling out for help, when by Toms means, most part of the Town stood to see the Jest; and as the Gypsies waded through the Ditch, they took them and carryed them into a House where was a good fire, for it was in the midst of Winter; where Tom counsels them that they should never make him believe that they could tell him any thing, that did not know what danger should befall themselves: But, says he-

he, because you cannot tell me my Fortune, I will tell you yours: to morrow in the Forenoon you shall be Whipped for Deceivers, and in the Afternoon be Hanged for setting the house on Fire: The Gypsies hearing this so strict Sentence, made haste to dry themselves, and before next morning stole out of the Town, and never came any more there.

How *Tom* sold his Mothers Trevit, and cousened an Aqua-vitæ-man that sold her Hot-water.

IN a Winters Night, coming home very late, Tom Tram felt with his arms before him, and at the last run his Nose against a Post: What, quoth Tom, is my Nose longer then my Arm; and afterwards he dropt into a Well that was in a Yard, and cryed out, Help, help, all is not well that's in the Well: so Neighbours came and pulled him out, and he dropt like a Pig that had been Roasted on a Spit, but he was then in a colder condition, so he went to bed and covered himself, but before morning, having a loosenes in his Belly, Tom had defiled the Sheets; and when some by the quick scent of their Noses, had discovered his fault, he told them it was nothing but the clear Mudd of the Well that came away from him, and that

if he dy'd of that sickness he would be bury'd by Torch-light, because none should see him go to his Grave: Just as he had said so, in came a hot-water-man, of whom he requested a sup of Hot-water, which having tasted, he counterfeited himself to be in a hot Feavour, and rose up in his cloaths, ran away with the Aqua-vita mans bottle of hot-water, and took his Mothers Trevit, and sold it for a long Hawking-Pole and a Faulkners-Bag, which being ty'd to his side, and having drank up the poor mans hot-water, he came reeling home with an Owl upon his Fist, saying, That it was Gentleman-like to be between a Hawk and a Buzzard, and told the Aqua-vita-man that he had sent the Trevit with three Leggs to go to the next Town and fill his bottle again.

Of *Tom Trams* Wooing of *Sisley Summers*, the neat Wench of the West.

CIsly Summers, whose Nole was thin, and face fair as mid-night Sun, which shined as bright as Bacon-Rhine, was beloved of young Tom Tram, and a sad story to tell, he grew not worth the bread he eat, by pining away for her love: Tom was loath to speak, but still whistled; at last when Cisley answered nothing unto him, he burst out thus: O Cisly Summers, if I Tom Tram, Son of Mother Winter, and thou Cisly Sum-

mers, be ſoyned together, what a Quarter ſhall we keep; as big as three half Years; Beſides, Ciſley Summers, when thou froldeſt, then Winter ſhall preſently cool thy heat, and when we walk in the ſtreet, they will ſay, Yonder goes Summer and Winter; and for Children, we will beget every year a Generation of Almanacks. So they went to the Parſon and were Marryed, but they fell out ſo extreamly, that ſhe Scolded all the Summer ſeaſon, and Tom he drank good Ale, and told old Tales all the Winter time, and ſo they could never thrive all the year through; yet Tom lived by good Ale, and his Wife by eating Oat-meal, and when Tom went to be drunk in the morning, ſhe put Oat-meal into the Ale and made a Caudle with Muſtard inſtead of Eggs, which bit Tom ſo by the noſe that it would run water; but the next day he would be drunk again.

How *Tom* uſed a Singing-man of a Cathedral Church in the Weſt.

ONce there was a Cathedral Singing-man that had very much angered Tom, and had made Songs and Jeſts of him: Whereupon Tom got upon his back an Oxe-hide, with the horns ſet juſt upon his head, and ſo lay in a hedge-bottom waiting till the Singing-man came by, who he was ſure muſt paſs that way; at laſt came the Singing-man, up ſtarted

farted Tom out of the hedge-bottom in his Ox-hide, and followed him; the Singingman cryed out, The Devil, the Devil: No, quoth Tom, I am the Ghost of Good-man Johnson living hard by the Church-stile, unto whose house you came and sung Catches, and did owe me five pounds for good Ale, therefore appoint me a day when thou wilt bring me my money hither, or else I will haunt thee still; the Singing-man promised that day seven night, and accordingly he did; and Tom made himself brave Cloaths with the money, and sweet-hearts came about him as Bees do about a honey-pot, but Tom wore a Rope in his pocket, and being asked if he would marry, he would pull it out and laugh, saying He had broken his shins already, and wou'd be wiser hereafter, for he was an old Colt, and now might have as much wit as a Horse.

Several Merry TALES.

A Tale of a Schollar and a Tapster, by the Fire-side, on a Winters Night.

SIr, said the Tapster, will you go to bed? no (quoth the Schollar) there are thieves abroad, and I would not willingly be took napping: so the Tapster left him, and being gone, in came a Spirit into the Chamber, with his head under his arm, so that he durst not stir, but cryed out, Help, help, Fire, Thieves, Thieves: So when they of the

ouse came to him, they asked him what was the matter? Oh (quoth he) the Devil was here, and spoke to me with his head under his arm; but now I will go to bed, and if he come again I will send him to the Tapster to help him to make false Reckonings: So it being on a night (quoth he) I'll first put fire to toe, that is, I'll warm my toes by the fire, and then I'll go to bed, and so he did, and a great Reckoning the next morning put the Schollar out of his Jest, saying; That he was in earnest made too much Reckoning of, being but a poor Sir John of Oxford.

ONe that was going to a Wedding, had a great occasion to untruss a point; whereupon he went under a Hedge, but the place not pleasing him, he went under a Hay-stack, and then into a Saw-pit, and afterwards into a Hog-stye, where he did his business; now the other Clowns that were with him, asked him if he had done his task and days labour? yes (quoth he) I have shit three shillings in Nine-pences, go and fetch it, it is more then a days labour will come unto; so they went to the Wedding house, and when they came thither, they were making a Reckoning for the Fidler, and every one gave what he list; Oh (quoth one of the Fellows) if you want money to make the reckoning, here is one can shit three shillings in nine-pences; if he can (quoth the Guests) let him bring them hither

in

in his mouth, for I fear they are made of so soft a mettle that they will melt in spight of his teeth: So after they had Danced a while, a Fart was let; whereupon (says one) this Fart was fit to be lett, for it pielded a large vent, meaning in his Shirt.

DOwn in the West-Countrey, a certain conceited fellow that had a great nose, as a Country-man coming by him with a sack of Corn, justled him, saying, That his nose stood in his way; whereupon the other Fellow with the great nose, took his nose in his hand, and held it on the one side, saying, a pox on thee, go and be Hang'd.

Once there was a company of Gypsies that came unto a Countrey fellow on the high-way, and would needs tell him his fortune. Amongst other things, they bid him assure himself his worst misfortunes were past, and that he should not be troubled with Crosses as he had been: so coming home, and having sold a Cow at the Market, he lookt in his Purse for the money, thinking to have told it to his Wife, but he found not so much as one Crois in his Purse; whereupon he remembered the words of the Gypsies, and said that the Gypsies had said true, that he should not be troubled with Crosses, and that they pickt his pocket and left not a Penny in his purse; Whereupon his Wife basted

and

and cudgeled him soundly, that he began to perceive that a man that had a curst Wife should never be without a Crois though he had never a penny in his purse; and because it was Winter time, he sat a while by the fire side. and after went to bed supperless and pennileſs.

There was a Farmers Wife in the West, had three Pigs which she loved exceeding well, and fed them with good Butter-Milk and Whey; and they would come running into the house and befoul the Rooms; whereupon she would have sold them at the Market because they were better fed then taught; but afterwards they were stolen and carryed away: whereupon she supposed they were driven up to London to learn manners; but (said she) they were too old to learn to turn the Spit at Bartholomew Fair, and therefore believe some Butchers hath stolen them away; and the Cock had a black piece of cloth sew'd about him and so was left upon the Perch, but afterwards stolen; whereupon she said that her Cock was turn'd a Schollar in a black Gown; and so she went to Oxford to a Conjurer to know what was become of her Pigs and her Cock; and the Conjurer gave her a Letter directed to a Batchelour of Art, that he should deliver unto the Woman three Pigs and a Cock; the Scholler smil'd, and told her that the three Pigs were flown home,

home, and that her Cock was made a Batchelor of Art in a Colledge; I thought so, said the Woman, for sure Batchelors of Arts are very Coxcombs.

ONe in the Countrey having bought a Cloak of one that stole it, or made it by slight of hand; the Cloak was challenged, he accused for it, and being troubled in mind, asked a friend of his, a very witty fellow in the Parish, how he might come off; his friend replyed, he would tell him for a quart of sack; so to the tavern they went, and having drank a pint, he desired to know how he might come off: when we have drank the other Pint of Sack, quoth his friend, I'll tell you how you may come off: the quart being drank off, he urged him still to know how he might come off; he replyed, he would not tell him till they were in the street; so going out of the Tavern, Dost thou see (quoth he) yonder Collar-sellers shop (pointing at it with his finger) do but buy a Rope there and hang thy self with it, and I warrant thee thou shalt come off, and never be troubled for that matter.

FINIS.